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DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE OF EDUCATION, LITERATURE, MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, POETRY, &c. &c.

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For the Tablet.

Female Influence on Poetry.

The elevation of woman to an intellectual companionship with man has been attended with numerous, and important consequences. Their influence is felt in all social intercourse; an influence is felt in all social intercourse; an influence, which exerted as well in the field as in the cabinet, alike moves the warrior and statesman in directing their aims, and controlling their energies. Effects so palpable as those produced by the elevation of woman to the rank, which nature has assigned her, it is needless to detail. They are little else than a complete moral revolution throughout the civilized world. Our present attempt, is in a more limited sphere. We shall only endeavor faintly to portray the spirit imparted to poetry by the all controlling influence of the female character.

Poetry as a distinct art seems to imply something bold and striking in its designs. The true poet seems to bend all the energies of his soul upon a given object. He must therefore endeavor to captivate the imagination by his rich and vivid imagery. He must "stir up the hidden depths of human feelings, by simple, fervent, and unaffected appeals to the passions. In doing he must be guided by the received opinions of the age in which he lives, for it is plain that they give a coloring as well to his as other men's thoughts and actions. It becomes our province therefore to inquire how an influence so reforming, so purifying as the rescue of woman from moral and intellectual degradation affects the man.

It penetrates his heart, softens his affections, and subdues his wonted ferocity. He is no longer the creature of brutish sensuality. He begins to recognize, and feel some of those natural affinities, which no man permitted to put assunder.

Womanly tenderness enkindles a correspondent sensation in his own breast. He can now receive back again into his breast some of those reciprocal affections implanted in us by nature. He can rejoice with woman in her prosperity, and sympathize with her in misfortune. Nor is this all. A scrupulous regard to female delicacy,

modifies as well his external deportment as his innermost thoughts. His intercourse with her, is with a social, moral, and intellectual being; nay more, it is with a being who inspires reverence and awe by those very qualities, which form the line of demarcation between her and himself. In her presence an utter disrelish for all coarse vulgarities is formed, because they are not tolerated. Thus does a high estimation of the female character operate to purify the feelings of mankind, and give a new tone to their intercourse with one another. Shall not a power which so thoroughly transforms the moral features of man, affect him who is emphatically the man of feeling and of passion? If the feelings of the mass of mankind undergo so radical a change, how is he acted upon who feels burning within himself, and whose aim it is to enkindle in others all the sensibilities of the soul?

The manner in which the poet and his productions are affected, will be most clearly disclosed, by pointing out the blemishes of Grecian poetry, which had their origin in female degradation, for it was the misfortune of the Grecian women that their worth was falsely appreciated.

Their delineations were chiefly external. They knew not the passion of love; they therefore felt not, much less represented any of those nice and delicate shades of feeling which ever accompany this passion. The most exalted pleasures arising from woman's attachment were purely sensual. Her sufferings therefore could not excite those heart rending emotions of grief and sympathy, in short that depth of passion, which certainly constitutes one part of its excellence. Besides all this, how many interesting associations are formed by the ties of conjugal attachment. Marriage hardly existed among the ancients, and was at best a mere avenue to sensual indulgence. Woman is probably indebted to this institution of our savior, for her present elevation. What objects can quicker kindle the poet's fire than those who joined together by the hand of God have "become one flesh," and are employing their united energies, in furnishing means for the physical, perhaps moral and intellectual nourishment of their offspring, their only consolation? What is more noble in man than conjugal, parental, or filial affec-

tion? If either of these qualities be displayed in an eminent degree, what can be more worthy of the poet's lyre? Numberless associations are here called up, a thousand new ideas developed, which may enrich a poem with a pleasing variety, and impart to it that tenderness and delicacy, which so far from enfeebling its power, give it fresh dignity and importance. Had Homer in his immortal work, demonstrated some of the tender feelings, which arise from the institution of marriage; had he divested it of those glaring indecencies which we meet with on almost every page, it might in truth have been the noblest work of the human intellect. Nor did I take an insulated case. Homer, least of all the Grecian poets, furnishes ground for the idea advanced. I intend neither in these nor my subsequent observations to stigmatize the Grecian poets, for I know their excellence. But this proceeds from other redeeming qualities. Nor is this blemish confined to them, since it pervades the whole body of their literature.

The subject yet unfolds itself to us in another point of view. Poetry is always made a vehicle of moral truths; and it can convey them most impressively to the heart. It is easy for a poet to embody in his work dogmas of his own invention, so that they may become immovably fastened upon the heart by enkindling the passions and gratifying the imagination. Shall not those then whose truth is undisputed, be well relished, though they accompany every gush of passion, every flight of the imagination? The poetry of the Greeks is highly censurable for its gross immorality. It is unimportant here to inquire what may have been the primary cause of this so long as the fact is certain, that had woman's character been rightly appreciated, she would have reformed the public taste. Aside from what has already been observed in regard to the purifying influence of woman over man, the fact that a high estimation of the female character has been co-existent and co-extensive with the christian religion, and that in general all experience teaches us that morality and the standing of women exert a reciprocal influence on each other, show this to be eminently true. What audience of polished females could have endured for a moment the coarse ribaldries of Aristophanes? The

deep and vivid conceptions of his soul were enveloped in a moral darkness, that overclouded every noble generous sentiment. What mightier instrument could have been enlisted on the side of vice, than the power of painting in rich and vivid colors, and thus creating a relish for those vile pleasures which we are prompted to pursue by our own depraved inclinations. What more powerful incentives to the indulgence of every grovelling passion could be invented than his severe invectives against all the better feelings of our nature? Had this power been wielded with equal energy in the defense of virtue—this power which possessed so complete a mastery over the soul, who can estimate the beneficial results? A national poetry is the patriot's boast. It finds thousands of admirers among the learned, the accomplished, and in general those who control, and give a direction to society. Is it any paradox therefore to suppose, that if no counteracting influence be exerted, a national poetry which contains within itself the seeds of vice, should forever continue to implant them in a soil so congenial as the breast of man, and thus entail on an endless series of generations a defective morality? In this view, woman's elevation and its consequent effect upon poetry, must bring thrilling news to the heart of every philanthropist and christian. The former is cheered on account of its meliorating influence over mankind. The latter because it indicates the existence of that religion which elevates us above the grovelling things of time and teaches us to consider the higher objects of existence.

It is not meant here, however, that immorality was confined to the dark ages. There are some who even at this enlightened period disgrace by their heaven daring attempt to subvert religion and morality, themselves, their country, and the age in which they live. These are rather splendid monuments of abused genius, than evidences of the incompatibility of a correct estimation of the female character with a poetry unstained by immorality. L.

Selfish and Illustrious.

From the N. Y. Mirror.
The Bank Note.

'Are you returning immediately to Worcester?' said Lady Leslie, a widow residing near that city, to a young officer who was paying her a morning visit.

'I am; can I do any thing for you there?'

'Yes; you can do me a great kindness. My confidential servant, Baynes, is gone out for the day and night; and I do not like to trust my new footman, of whom I know nothing, to put this letter in the post-office, as it contains a fifty pound note.'

'Indeed! that is a large sum to trust to the post.'

'Yes; but I am told it is the safest con-

veyance. It is, however, quite necessary that a person whom I can trust should put the letter in the box.'

'Certainly,' replied Captain Freeland.—Then, with an air that showed he considered himself a person to be trusted, he deposited the letter in safety in his pocket-book, and took leave; promising that he would return to dinner the next day, which was Saturday.

On his road, Freeland met some of his brother-officers, who were going to pass the day and night at Great Malvern; and as they earnestly pressed him to accompany them, he wholly forgot the letter entrusted to his care; and, having despatched his servant to Worcester, for his *sac de nuit* and other things, he turned back with his companions, and passed the rest of the day in that sauntering but amusing idleness, that *dolce far niente*, which may be reckoned comparatively virtuous, if it leads to the forgetfulness of little duties only, and is not attended by the positive infringement of greater ones. But, in not putting this important letter into the post, as he had engaged to do, Freeland violated a real duty; and he might have put it in at Malvern, had not the rencounter with his brother-officers banished the commission given him entirely from his thoughts. Nor did he remember it, till, as they rode through the village the next morning, on their way to Worcester, they met Lady Leslie walking in the road.

At sight of her, Freeland recollected, with shame and confusion, that he had not fulfilled the charge committed to him; and fain would he have passed her unobserved; for, as she was a woman of high fashion, great talents, and some severity, he was afraid that his negligence, if avowed, would not only cause him to forfeit her favor, but expose him to her powerful sarcasm.

To avoid being recognized was, however, impossible; and as soon as Lady Leslie saw him she exclaimed.

'Oh! Captain Freeland, I am so glad to see you! I have been quite uneasy concerning my letter since I gave it to your care; for it was of such consequence! Did you put it into the post yesterday?'

'Certainly,' replied Freeland, hastily, and in the hurry of the moment, 'certainly.—How could you, dear madam, doubt my obedience to your commands?'

'Thank you! thank you!' cried she, 'How you have relieved my mind!'

He had so; but he had painfully burdened his own. To be sure, it was only a white lie—the lie of fear. Still he was not used to utter falsehood: and he felt the meanness and degradation of this. He had yet to learn that it was mischievous also; and that none can presume to say where the consequences of the most trivial lie will end. As soon as Freeland parted with Lady Leslie, he bade his friends farewell, and, putting spur to his horse, scarcely slackened his pace till he had reached a general post-office, and deposited the letter in safety. 'Now then,' thought he, 'I

hope I shall be able to return and dine with Lady Leslie, without shrinking from her penetrating eye.'

He found her, when he arrived, very pen-sive and absent; so much so, that she felt it necessary to apologize to her guests, informing them that Mary Benson, an old servant of hers, who was very dear to her, was seriously ill, and painfully circum-stanced; and that she feared she had not done her duty by her.

'To tell you the truth, Captain Freeland,' said she, speaking to him in a low voice, 'I blame myself for not having sent for my confidential servant, who was not very far off, and despatched him with the money, instead of trusting it to the post.'

'It would have been better to have done so, certainly!' replied Freeland, deeply blushing.

'Yes; for the poor woman, to whom I sent it, is not only herself in a delicate state of health, but she has a sick husband, unable to be moved; and as, but owing to no fault of his, he is on the point of bankruptcy, his cruel landlord has declared that, if they do not pay their rent by to-morrow, he will turn them out into the street, and seize the very bed they lie on! However, as you put the letter into the post yesterday, they must get the fifty pound note to-day, else they could not; for there is no delivery of letters in London on a Sunday, you know.'

'True, very true,' replied Freeland, in a tone which he vainly tried to render steady.

'Therefore,' continued Lady Leslie, 'if you had told me, when we met, that the letter was not gone, I should have recalled Baynes, and sent him off by the mail to London; and then he would have reached Somerstown, where the Bensons live, in good time;—but now, though I own it would be a comfort to me to send him, for fear of accident, I could not get him back again soon enough; therefore, I must let these things take their chance; and, as letters seldom miscarry, the only danger is, that the note may be taken out.'

She might have talked an hour without answer or interruption; for Freeland was too much shocked, too much conscience-stricken, to reply; as he found that he had not only told a falsehood, but that, if he had had moral courage enough to tell the truth, the mischievous negligence, of which he had been guilty, could have been repaired; but now, as Lady Leslie said, it was too late!

But, while Lady Leslie became talkative, and able to perform her duties to her friends, after she had thus unburdened her mind to Freeland, he grew every minute more absent, and more taciturn; and, though he could not eat with appetite, he threw down rather than drank, repeated glasses of heck and champagne, to enable him to rally his spirits; but in vain. A naturally ingenuous and generous nature cannot shake off the first compunctious visitings of conscience for having committed an unworthy action, and having also been the means of injury to

another. All on a sudden, however, his countenance brightened: and as soon as the ladies left the table, he started up, left his compliments and excuses with Lady Leslie's nephew, who presided at dinner: said he had a pressing call to Worcester; and, when there, as the London mail was gone, he threw himself into a post-chaise, and set off for Somerstown, which Lady Leslie had named as the residence of Mary Benson. 'At least, said Freeland to himself with a lightened heart, 'I shall now have the satisfaction of doing all I can to repair my fault.' But, owing to the delay occasioned by want of horses and by finding the ostlers at the inns in bed, he did not reach London and the place of his destination till the wretched family had been dislodged; while the unhappy wife was weeping, not only over the disgrace of being so removed, and for her own and her husband's increased illness in consequence of it, but from the agonizing suspicion that the mistress and friend, whom she had so long loved, and relied upon, had disregarded the tale of her sorrows, and had refused to relieve her necessities! Freeland soon found a conductor to the mean lodging in which the Bensons had obtained shelter: for they were well known; and their hard fate was generally pitied: but it was some time before he could speak, as he stood by their bedside—he was choked with painful emotion at first; with pleasing emotions afterwards; for his conscience smote him for the pain he had occasioned, and applauded him for the pleasure which he came to bestow.

'I come,' said he, at length, while the sufferers waited in almost angry wonder, to hear his reason for thus intruding on them, 'I come to tell you, from your kind friend, Lady Leslie—'

'Then she has not forgotten me!' screamed out the poor woman, almost gasping for breath.

'No; to be sure not: she could not forget you; she was incapable.—' Here his voice wholly failed him.

'Thank Heaven!' cried she, tears trickling down her pale cheek, 'I can hear any thing now; for that was the bitterest part of all!'

'My good woman,' said Freeland, 'it was owing to a mistake—pshaw: no, it was owing to my fault, that you did not receive a fifty-pound note by the post yesterday.'

'Fifty pounds! cried the poor man wringing his hands, 'why that would have more than paid all we owed; and I could have gone on with my business, and our lives would not have been risked nor disgraced!'

Freeland now turned away, unable to say a word more; but, recovering himself, he again drew near them; and throwing his purse to the agitated speaker, said, 'there! get well! only get well! and whatever you want shall be yours! or I shall never lose this horrible choking again while I live!'

Freeland took a walk after this scene, and with hasty, rapid strides; the painful choking being his companion very often during the course of it; for he was haunted by the image of those whom he had disgraced; and he could not help remembering that, however blamable his negligence might be, it was nothing, either in sinfulness or mischief, to the lie told to conceal it; and that, but for that lie of fear, the effects of his negligence might have been repaired in time.

But he was resolved that he would not leave Somerstown till he had seen these poor people settled in a better lodging. He therefore hired a conveyance for them, and superintended their removal that evening to apartments full of every necessary comfort.

'My good friends,' said he, 'I cannot recall the mortification and disgrace which you have endured through my fault; but I trust that you will have gained in the end, by leaving a cruel landlord, who had no pity for your unmerited poverty. Lady Leslie's note will, I trust, reach you to-morrow; but if not, I will make up the loss; therefore be easy! and when I go away, may I have the comfort of knowing that your removal has done you no harm!'

He then, but not till then, had courage to write to Lady Leslie, and tell her the whole truth; concluding his letter thus:

'If your interesting proteges have not suffered in their health, I shall not regret what has happened; because I trust that it will be a lesson to me through life, and teach me never to tell the most apparently trivial white lie again. How unimportant this violation of truth appeared to me at the moment! and how sufficiently motivated! as it was to avoid falling in your estimation: but it was, you see, overruled by evil; and agony of mind, disgrace, and perhaps risk of life, were the consequences of it to innocent individuals; not to mention my own pangs; the pangs of an upbraiding conscience. But forgive me, my dear Lady Leslie. Now, however, I trust that this evil, so deeply repented of, will be blessed to us all; but it will be long before I forgive myself.'

Lady Leslie was delighted with this candid letter, though grieved by its painful details, while she viewed with approbation the amends which her young friend had made, and his modest disregard of his own exertions.

The note arrived in safety; and Freeland left the afflicted couple better in health, and quite happy in mind; as his bounty and Lady Leslie's had left them nothing to desire in a pecuniary point of view.

When Lady Leslie and he met, she praised his virtue, while she blamed his fault; and they fortified each other in the wise and moral resolution, never to violate truth again, even on the slightest occasion: as a lie, when told, however unimportant it may at the time appear, is like an arrow shot over a house, whose course is unseen,

and may be unintentionally the cause, to some one, of agony or death.

Song.

What absence from the heart can wrench
The thought that haunts where'er we rove?
Or what can time avail to quench
The enduring flame of youthful love?

Still, still, where'er we rest or roam,
The spirits rise in brighter hours:
Love lingers round the early home,
And strews the grave of Hope with flowers.

GRAND ISLAND.—This large and fertile island in the Niagara River, containing nearly 18,000 acres, has, we understand, been nearly all purchased by our fellow citizen L. F. Allen, Esq. in connexion with some wealthy capitalists of Boston. We learn that it is their intention to cut up for exportation the extensive forests of white oak ship timber, that abound upon it; and for that purpose they have already in employ, about 100 men and teams, and have erected eating houses, a store, workshops, &c. A large steam saw mill, with an engine of 80 horse power, and calculated to drive 14 sets of saws, and a pair of mill stones is about to be erected, which is intended to go into operation early in the spring. The village which they are building up is on the eastern shore, nearly opposite Tonawanta; and the easy access from it to the Erie Canal, and the facilities of approach from Buffalo, by water, at the distance of 8 miles, give it facilities enjoyed by but few places in our neighborhood, and must soon render it, an important acquisition to the business of our thriving city.

This valuable property has lain dormant and almost forgotten, since the Jewish city of Ararat was founded, on the very site of which the present proprietors are erecting their establishment. Aside from the timber on the Island, the soil is said to be of the first quality for agriculture; and as it is the intention of the proprietors to clear the land and improve it, as the timber is cut away, it will shortly add its teeming fields and abundant harvest to our view.—*Buffalo, Jour.*

WELL DONE LADIES.—The Boston Atlas says:—"Fashion is a whimsical jade, but who ever dreamed that she would put canes into young ladies' hands. But so it is, "upon honor." Two of our fashionable ladies exhibited themselves yesterday, in Washington street, with their little sticks which they flourished with becoming grace. Gentleman must look out in future, and always give ladies the inside of the walk, or they may smart for it."

A traveler on the continent, visiting a celebrated cathedral, was shown by the Sacristan among other marvels, a dirty opaque phial. After eyeing it some time, the traveler said. "Do you call this a relic?" "Sir," said the Sacristan, indignantly, "it contains some of the darkness that Moses spread over the land of Egypt."

Timothy Flint.

BY W. D. GALLAGHER.

Of the number of western authors "whose names stand high in the literary world, and whose works are extensively known," is the subject of the present paper.—Though an eastern man by birth and education, Mr. Flint must be classed among western literary men,—for it was here, in the Great Valley whose resources of all kinds he has pointed out, and whose extent and magnificence he has pictured to the world, that his literary career was begun. The publication of his 'Ten Years' Residence in the Mississippi Valley,' was the commencement of an intellectual acquaintance with the world of letters, which has been steadily ever since increasing, and which promises to be of long and pleasant continuance.

The character of Mr. Flint's mind, as it appears to us, may be expressed in one word—CAPABILITY. John Neal perhaps out of the way, and we do not believe that there is any American author who can produce in a certain time, so many volumes, on so many different subjects, and generally so well executed, as Timothy Flint. Ask him for a book on western history, character or manners,—a life of Daniel Boone, or a history of Indian warfare,—a novel founded on South American history, and descriptive of South American scenery,—an account of the origin of the North American Indians, and their antiquities,—a book of moral essays from the French, or a disquisition on the 'exact sciences,'—and only give him time to make pens and *half* make letters, (for he never does more,) and he will not keep your type-setters idle, your presses standing still, or your book-shelves empty. He writes as he talks,—rapidly—eloquently—poetically—carelessly. He sets the schools at defiance, and pursues a style of his own; a style full of faults, it is true, and obnoxious to criticism; still a style of great force, and often of much beauty.—Disdaining the trammels which the masters would impose upon him, he soars into the regions of poetry, and loses sight of every thing but the images of magnificence and beauty that crowd his imagination: he consequently forgets, not unfrequently, that there is such a thing in composition as *ending* a sentence. Still he gives us the gold—pure, unadulterated—and we fall in too good humor when we have got it, to quarrel with him because he presented it in a manner entirely his own.

The works by which Mr. Flint is best known, are, his 'Ten Years' Residence in the Mississippi Valley,' his 'History and Geography' of the same, and 'Francis Berrian,' a novel. These are unquestionably his best works, and are those that have been most instrumental in elevating him to that conspicuous place which he holds among the literary men of his country.—We have read them all, time after time; we admire them greatly, and hope to read them again. They have their faults, and enough of them. But Mr. Flint's writings

are characterized by a deep religious feeling, which pervades and beautifies alike his reflections upon men, and his descriptions of visible nature; by a poetical fervency, which so captivates the reader, that he passes along page after page and chapter after chapter, without noting the lapse of time; and by a vivid imagination and power of language, which thrill every nerve. As a descriptive writer, we do not know his parallel in the language. The sparkling streams of the northern sections of this great valley,—the turbid and turgid waters of the southern sections,—the vast prairies that are scattered almost over its entire extent,—the remains of aboriginal art, and the relics of aboriginal greatness,—the blooming woods of the north, and the gloomy forests of the south, with their cypress-swamps and rice-lakes; these are things with which he is familiar and upon which his pen has been tried: and he has described them with a power which no other writer has displayed, and with a faithfulness to truth and nature which is admirable.

He must be a devout admirer of the works of the Great Architect. We can fancy him taking a stand, and feasting his eye upon some scene of beauty—to him of surpassing loveliness. He seeks a commanding elevation, and the vast prairie spreads before him, decorated with flowers of every size, and scent, and color, dotted here and there with islands of matchless verdure, and stretching away, away, till in the distance its velvet carpeting of green mingles with the soft blue of the overcanopying heavens. Or he throws himself upon a gentle bluff, and the river that rolls beneath him sparkles in the sunlight, or moonlight, or starlight, and the silver-sided fish dart into the air, and the waters swell, or dance to the humming breeze, till to his imagination they almost become instinct with life. Or he seats himself at his window, in the lone hour of midnight, and throws up the sash; when the bland winds steal in and lift the hair from his warm forehead, and bathe his burning temples with thier delicious freshness. Silence, like that of the grave, is beneath and around him; and above him, are the eloquence, and glory, and beauty of the stellar world. At such a moment, he seizes his pen—the divine afflatus is upon him—and page after page, and sheet after sheet, are soon glowing with the eloquence and fervency of his poetic nature.—*Cincinnati Mirror.*

AN INDIAN MORNING.—It was a magnificent morning in the month of May, 17—; the thermometer stood precisely at 137 Fahrenheit in the sun, but was some degrees lower in the shade. It was a magnificent morning! the southern blast roared over the vast sandy plains of Hindostan with a voice like thunder and the heat of seven hundred thousand glass houses. The boars thought it a nuisance, and the tigers felt sickish; as for the birds and insects, they had very little idea on the subject, as most

of them had been killed by the heat; but the snakes were prodigiously lively. There—here's a crash! hark! what a bellowing, what a howling, what a screeching—see—down goes a gigantic palm, with a rush and roar like the voice of an earthquake. He hath levelled a hundred saplings in his fall, and ground two very respectable Yonkees into powder. But the uproar still continues. Let us see what is the matter—oh! as I supposed—a tiger and buffalo, coming to drink up the last quart of water which lies in a little patch of marsh, have got themselves into a sufficiently absurd situation—a playful boa has embraced them both, with all the warmth of affection, for which his friendly race is so remarkable.—*Bengal pa.*

Song.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

"Shepherd! thou sayest our earthly doom
Obeys some stars mysterious power."
"Yes, my fair child: but night's deep gloom
Veils from our eyes the destined hour."
"Shepherd! thou read'st the stars aright,
Hast tracked each planet's wandering way;
Say, what betides yon falling light,
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away?"

"My child, some mortal breathes his last,
His star shoots downward from its sphere;
That being's latest hours were past
Mid jovial friends and festive cheer:
All reckless sped his summoned sprite,
While flushed in evening sleep he lay"—
"See! yet another fleeting light,
Which shoots and shoots, and fades away!"

"My child, how pure, how bright its beam!
There sank a maiden good and fair!
This morn repaid each wishful dream,
Each constant sigh, each hour of care;
This morn her brow with flowers was dight,
She cross'd her father's door to-day"—
"See! yet another passing light,
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

"Just then, a high and mighty lord,
New-born, in gold and purple sleeping,
His infant breath to heaven restored,
And left a princely mother weeping:
Courtier, and slave, and parasite,
Were gathering round their future prey"—
"See yet another meteor light,
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

"My child, how comet-like it gleamed!
A royal favorite's star was there,
Who laughed our woes to scorn, and deemed
'Twas pride to mock a realm's despair:
Even now his flatterers hide from sight
The portraits of their god of clay"—
"See! yet another wandering light,
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

"My child, the blessings of the poor
Winged heavenward yonder fleeting soul;
Distress but gleams from other's store,
From him she reap'd a plenteous dole:
From far and near, this very night,
Towards his doors the houseless stray"—
"See! yet another falling light,
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

"That star controlled a monarch's fate!
Go! welcome, son, thy lowly dwelling;
And envy not the stars of state
In luster or in size excelling:
For didst thou shine all coldly bright
In useless grandeur, men would say,
Tis but a passing meteor light.
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

Necessity and Invention.

A curious catalogue might be made of shifts to which ingenious students in different departments of arts have resorted, when, like Davy, they have wanted the proper instruments for carrying on their inquiries or experiments. His is not the first case in which the stores of an apothecary's shop are recorded to have fed the enthusiasm, and materially assisted the labors, of the young cultivator of natural science. The German chemist, Scheele, whose name ranks in his own department with the greatest of his time, was, as well as Davy, apprenticed in early life to an apothecary. While living in his master's house, he used secretly to prosecute the study of his favorite science, by employing often half the night in reading the works that treated of it, or making experiments with instruments fabricated, as Davy's were, by himself, and out of equally simple materials.

Like the young British philosopher, too, Scheele is recorded to have sometimes alarmed the whole household by his detonations, an incident which always brought down upon him the severe anger of his master, and heavy menaces, intended to deter him from ever again applying himself to such dangerous studies, which, however, he did not regard. It was at an apothecary's house, that Boyle and his Oxford friends first held their scientific meetings, induced, as we are expressly told, by the opportunity they would thus have of obtaining drugs wherewith to make their experiments.

Newton lodged with an apothecary, while at school in the town of Grantham: and as, even at an early age, he is known to have been ardently devoted to scientific contrivances and experiments, and to have been in the habit of converting all sorts of articles into auxiliaries in his favorite pursuits, it is not probable that the various strange preparations which filled the shelves and boxes of his landlord's shop would escape his curious examination. Although Newton's glory chiefly depends upon his discoveries in abstract and mechanical science, some of his speculations, and especially some of his writings on the subjects of light and color, show that the internal constitution of matter, and its chemical properties, had also much occupied his thoughts. Thus, too, in other departments, genius has found itself sufficient materials and instruments in the humblest and most common articles, and the simplest contrivances. Fergusson observed the places of the stars by means of a thread with a few beads strung on it, and Tycho Brahe did the same thing with a pair of compasses. The self-taught American philosopher, Rittenhouse, being, when a young man, employed as an agricultural laborer, used to draw geometrical diagrams on his plough, and study them as he turned up the furrow. Pascal, when a mere boy, made himself master of many of the elementary propositions of geometry, without the assistance of any master, by tracing the figures on the

floor of his room with a bit of coal. This, or a stick burned at the end, has often been the young painter's first pencil, while the smoothest and whitest wall he could find, supplied the place of a canvas. Such, for example, were the commencing essays of the early Tuscan artist, Andrea del Castagno, who employed his leisure hours in this manner when he was a little boy tending cattle, till his performances at last attracted the notice of one of the Medici family, who placed him under a proper master. The famous Salvator Rosa first displayed his genius for design in the same manner. To these instances may be added that of the late English musical composer, Mr. John Davy, who is said, when only six years old, to have begun the study of the practice of his art, by imitating the chimes of a neighboring church, with eight horse shoes, which he suspended by strings from the ceiling of a room, in such a manner as to form an octave.

German Confederation of Robbers.

The members were bound to the society by the most tremendous oaths, which they were rarely tempted to break, well knowing that an invisible dagger hung over their heads, which was sure to descend even on a suspicion of their falsehood. A miserable wretch who had been taken by the police, and securely lodged in a dungeon, once revealed, in the agonies of his terror, the rendezvous of his chief, the famous Picard. The next night, while reflecting in horror that, even by his treachery, he had probably been unable to save his life, he heard his name pronounced in a whisper; and looking up, saw an arm passed between the iron bars of the window.

"Who art thou?" inquired the robber trembling.

"Thy master—Picard; I have ventured my life, as in duty bound, to set thee at liberty!" In a few minutes his irons were sawed off, and one of the bars wrenched from the window frame; and, following his conductor, he scaled the walls, and scented the free air of the neighboring forest. The band were ready to receive them, drawn up in a semicircle, and standing under arms, in dead silence. Their delivered comrade was placed in the middle.

"*Schleichen-r!*" said the chief, addressing him with the slang epithet for traitor; "didst thou imagine that the word of treason would be unheard by Picard, because it was whispered in the depths of a dungeon?—Die, coward, in thy guilt!"

"Mercy, mercy!" cried the wretch, as the pistol touched his ear. "Give me death, but let it be in battle! Lead me, on this very night, were it to the attack of an army, and let me die upon the bayonets of the foe!"

"It must not be," said Picard calmly; "thou art unworthy of the death of the brave. Comrades! shall the laws of the

band be set aside in favour of a hound like this!"

"No!" growled the deep stern voice of the lieutenant; and the word was echoed by some in cruelty, by many in dismay, till it died away like a prolonged groan in the forest. The white lips of the coward closed at the sound; and a bullet passing through his brain at the same moment, quieted his fears forever.

Another story is told at Aix-la-Chapelle, which does not satisfy quite so well one's ideas of retributive justice. A fine young man of that city was enrolled as an apprentice by the ferocious Jikjak of Merssen, and awaited impatiently the commands of his chief, being desirous not only of distinguishing himself in the career to which his follies had driven him,—but of obtaining money enough to enable him to marry his sweetheart. It is not known whether his weakness was owing to love, or wine, or both together; but, unhappily, he divulged, one evening, the secret of his destiny to the terrified girl; and the next morning he was called by Jikjak, in person, to accompany him in an expedition. The youth followed more in shame than in fear; inwardly resolving to make up for his treason by gaining that day a character for courage which should command the respect of the band.

And yet, as he followed his mute and gloomy conductor, a misgiving at times, come over him. There were numerous other apprentices, he knew, in Aix-la-Chapelle, and in the villages through which they passed. What kind of enterprise, then, could the renowned chieftain contemplate, in which he desired the assistance of only a single unknown, untried individual? The young man shivered as they entered the black shade of a forest; but, when his conductor stopped suddenly at a new-made pit, resembling a grave, his knees knocked together, and the hair rose upon his head.

"Perjured traitor!" said the chief, "say thy paternoster, for thou must die!"

"I deserve death," replied the apprentice, "yet try me once again. To-morrow the girl will be my wife, and we shall remove—far from her friends and acquaintance—wherever you command! Only try me! I am as brave as thou!"

"Thou hast broken the laws of the band, and therefore thou must die! Down on thy knees!—down!" and with one herculean arm he bent him, by main force, to the earth, while with the other he raised a hatchet above his head.

"Only hear me!"—

"Reprobate! wilt thou die without a prayer?" The youth submitted; and by the time the word "Amen," had fairly passed his lips, the iron was deep in his brain.

MAKING USE OF A FRIEND.—"I have broken your rotten wheel-barrow usin on't, you will please to git it mended right off, I will want to borrow it agin this arternoon." "Friend, it will be mended and sent to thee."

Christmas.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

There is nothing in England that exercises a more delightful spell over my imagination than the lingerings of the holyday customs and rural games of former times. They recall the pictures my fancy used to draw in the May-morning of my life, when as yet I only knew the world through books, and believed it to be all that poets had painted; and they bring with them the flavor of those honest days of yore, in which perhaps with equal fallacy, I am apt to think the world was more home-bred, social, and joyous, than at present. I regret to say, that they are daily growing more and more faint, being gradually worn away by time, but still more obliterated by modern fashion. They resemble those picturesque morsels of Gothic architecture, which we see crumbling in various parts of the country, partly dilapidated by the waste of ages, and partly lost in the additions and alterations of latter days. Poetry, however, clings with cherishing fondness about the rural game and holyday revel, from which it has derived so many of its themes—as the ivy winds its rich foliage about the gothic arch and mouldering tower, gratefully repaying their support, by clasping together their tortering remains, and, as it were, embalming them in verdure.

Of all old festivals, however, that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heart-felt associations. There is a tone of sacred and solemn feeling, that blends with our conviviality, and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed and elevated enjoyment. The services of the church about this season are extremely tender and inspiring. They dwell on the beautiful story of the origin of our faith, and the pastoral scenes that accompanied its announcement. They gradually increase in fervor and pathos during the season of Advent, until they break forth in full jubilee on the morning that brought peace and good-will to men. I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feelings, than to hear the full choir and the pealing organ performing a Christmas anthem in a cathedral, and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony.

It is a beautiful arrangement, also, derived from days of yore, that this festival, which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love, has been made the season for gathering together of family connexions, and drawing closer again those bands of kindred hearts, which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose; of calling back the children of a family who have launched forth in life, and wandered widely asunder, once more to assemble about the paternal hearth, that rallying place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again among the endearing mementos of childhood.

There is something in the very season of the year, that gives a charm to the festivity of Christmas. At other times we derive

a great portion of our pleasures from the beauties of nature. Our feelings sally forth, and dissipate themselves over the sunny landscape, and we "live abroad and every where." The song of the bird, the murmur of the stream, the breathing fragrance of spring, the soft voluptuousness of summer, the golden pomp of autumn, earth, with its mantle of refreshing green, and heaven, with its deep, delicious blue, and its cloudy magnificence, all fill us with mute but exquisite delight, and we revel in the luxury of mere sensation. But in the depth of winter, when Nature lies despoiled of every charm, and wrapped in her shroud of sheeted snow, we turn for our gratifications to moral sources. The dreariness and desolation of the landscape, the short, gloomy days, and darksome nights, while they circumscribe our wanderings, shut in our feelings, also, from rambling abroad, and make us more keenly disposed for the pleasures of the social circle. Our thoughts are more concentrated; our friendly sympathies more aroused. We feel more sensibly the charm of each other's society, and are brought more closely together by dependence on each other for enjoyment. Heart calleth unto heart, and we draw our pleasures from the deep wells of living kindness, which lie in the deep recesses of our bosoms, and which, when resorted to, furnish forth the pure element of domestic felicity. The pitchy gloom without makes the heart dilate on entering the room filled with the glow and warmth of the evening fire. The ruddy blaze diffuses an artificial summer and sunshine through the room, and light, up each countenance into a kindlier welcome. Where does the honest face of hospitality expand into a broader and more cordial smile—where is the shy glance of love more sweetly eloquent—than by the winter fire-side? And, as the hollow blast of wintry wind rushes through the hall, claps the distant door, whistles about the casement, and rumbles down the chimney, what can be more grateful than that feeling of sober and sheltered security, with which we look round upon the comfortable chamber, and the scene of domestic hilarity?

THE WHALE FISHERY.—For many years a great change has been taking place in the habits of those stupendous creatures, which draw the enterprise of the merchants and mariners of England and Scotland into the Arctic seas. When the fishery commenced, they were so tame that they were found floating in all the gulfs and bays of Spitzbergen, fearless of harm, and were taken by hundreds, and without an effort. In a few years, however, this dreadful destruction drove them to the more remote bays, from whence they were soon driven into the open sea, far away from land.—But the trackless ocean afforded them no shelter from their enemies; they were pursued, and that with so much resolution, that the Dutch alone are calculated to have destroyed upward of fifty thousand in no very

long course of years. Retiring before their ruthless pursuers, they next took refuge along the line of perpetual ice which was their habitation when Scoresby wrote his celebrated work. Here as many as fourteen hundred of them were killed in one year. At last, worn out by perpetual persecution, they have plunged into the regions of eternal ice, where the boldest whaler dares not to pursue them. The consequence is, that the Greenland Fishery, which was formerly carried on in the sea between Greenland and Spitzbergen, is nearly abandoned, and the whole trade would soon have been at an end if Ross had not penetrated in his first voyage through the mass of ice which renders the entrance to Baffin's Bay so hazardous, and opened to the whalers vast seas never before fished, and in which the monsters of the deep are found to frequent in great numbers; The most northern part of Baffin's Bay, together with the Lancaster Sound, Regent's Inlet, &c, are now the great fishing stations, and all these regions have been discovered, or at least laid down with accuracy by the recent navigators, who opened the route to the less adventurous traders—showed them that the seas abounded with whales—broke the icy barrier which had never been passed since the days of Baffin, and described the coasts and harbors so correctly as to deprive the voyage of the greater part of its perils. The mere pecuniary expense of the voyages of discovery has therefore already been repaid many times, independent of the extension of geographical knowledge and the improvement of science.—*English paper.*

THE FIRST SAW-MILL.—The old practice in making boards was to split up the logs with wedges; and inconvenient as the practice was, it was no easy matter to persuade the world that the thing could be done in any better way. Saw-mills were first used in Europe in the 15th century; but so lately as 1555, an English ambassador, having seen a saw-mill in France, thought it a novelty which deserved a particular description. It is amusing to see how the aversion to labor-saving machinery has always agitated England. The first saw-mill was established by a Dutchman in 1663; but the public outcry against the new fangled machine was so violent, that the proprietor was forced to decamp with more expedition than ever did a Dutchman before. The evil was thus kept out of England for several years, or rather generations; but in 1768, an unlucky timber merchant, hoping that after so long a time the public would be less watchful of its own interests, made a rash attempt to construct another mill. The guardians of the public welfare, however, were on the alert, and a conscientious mob at once collected and pulled the mill to pieces. Such patriotic spirit could not always last, and now though we have no where seen the fact distinctly stated, there is reason to believe that saw mills are used in England.

The Parting.

BY H. WALKLEY.

The lover held the maiden's hand,
His heart was beating high,
His thoughts were on a foreign land,
And a tear was in his eye.
The rising sun with golden light
Came o'er the Eastern hill;
The lover saw the signal bright
And yet he lingered still.

'Tis hard the golden cords to rend
That love twines round the heart,
When mingling souls together blend,
'Tis hard—'tis hard to part.
The strong—the everlasting vow
Of confidence was past,—
That kiss upon the maiden's brow
Was given for the last.

Why doth he linger there, like one
Communing with despair?
'One struggle more' and it is done—
Why doth he linger there?
He deemed not—dreamed not, ought could
change
Her whom he gazed upon—
That time or chance could e'er estrange
That young confiding one.

Oh that the truth of woman's love
Were like the poet's dream—
That its fountains pure should ceaseless move
Like a never-ending stream.
But the weed wash'd from its native sands,
And borne upon the main
Will strike its root in other lands
And blossom there again.

As clings the ivy to the oak
Above the dashing tide,
As fearful lest the lightning stroke
Should rend it from its side;
So clung she to her lover then
In that last fond embrace;
But never may he clasp again
That form of heavenly grace.

Away!—away!—on his reckless track
Boundeth his courser proud;
One lingering look of anguish back
Was all his speed allowed.
And joyless years shall pass I ween
Ere that devoted twain
Shall know the bliss of their early dream,
Or breathe those vows again.

LIFE.—A garden of flowers, which we
at first view with pleasure and delight—
we pluck them and they wither in our
grasp—the winter comes on and they are
blighted and strown to the winds—the gar-
den is a dreary waste, and we turn in sad-
ness from the spectacles of alternate splen-
dor and gloom, and count all its pleasures
scarcely worth a moment's pain, or the
transient bliss of a pilgrim's enjoying.

Air Plants.

These attach themselves to the driest
and most sapless surface, and flower as if
issuing from the richest soils. "A speci-
men of one of these, which I thought curi-
ous," says Dr. Walsh, "I threw into my
portmanteau, where it was forgotten; and
some months after, in unfolding some linen,
I was astonished to find a rich scarlet flow-
er in full blow; it had not only lived, but
vegetated and blossomed, though so long
secluded from air, light and humidity. The
barren pine is not less extraordinary. It

also grows on sapless trees, and never on
the ground. Its seeds are furnished, on the
crown, with a long filmy fibre, like the
thread of gossamer. As they ripen they
are detached, and driven with the wind,
having the long thread streaming behind
them. When they meet with the obstruc-
tion of a withered branch, the thread is
caught, and revolving round, the seed at
length comes into fixed contact with the
surface, where it soon vegetates, and sup-
plies the naked arm with a new foliage. In
Brazil it grows like the common plant of a
pine apple, and shoots from its center a
long spike of bright scarlet blossoms. In
some species the leaves are protuberant be-
low, and form vessels like pitchers, which
catch and retain the rain water, furnishing
cool and refreshing draughts to the heated
traveler, in hights where no water is to be
found. The quantity of this fluid is some-
times very considerable, and those who
have attempted to reach the flower stem,
have been often drenched by upsetting the
plant.

INDIA RUBBER.—The tree that produces
caoutchouc, or India Rubber, which was
first introduced into Europe about the be-
ginning of the last century, is a native of
South America and the West Indies. This
substance is an elastic resin, obtained by
making incisions in the stem. The juice is
collected as it trickles from the wound and
moulds of clay, in the form of little bottles
are dipped into it. A layer of this juice
dries on the clay, several layers are added
till the bottle is of sufficient thickness. It
is then beaten to break down the clay,
which is easily shaken out. The Indians
make boots of caoutchouc, which are water
proof, and when smoked look like leather.
The inhabitants of Quito prepare from it a
kind of cloth, which they use as we do oil
and sail cloth; and in the West Indies
flambeaux are made of it, that burn without
a wick; and are used by fishermen when
they go out to fish at night.

General Dumas Gerard, in the French
expedition to Egypt, was, we are told, in
bed, ill of the plague when the revolt of Cai-
ro broke out. Though he was supposed
to be dying fast, he jumped out of bed,
mounted his horse in his shirt and night-
cap, rode into the *melee*, slew a dozen at
least of the insurgent Arabs with his own
hand, and was cured of the disease by the
exercise.

MINERALS IN VEGETABLES.—In many
parts of the East, there has long been a
medicine in high repute, called *Tabasheer*,
obtained from a substance found in the hol-
low stem of the bamboo cane; some of this
was brought to England about twenty
years ago, and underwent a chemical in-
vestigation, and proved to be an earthly
substance, principally of a flinty nature;
this substance, is also sometimes found in
the bamboo, grown in England. In the

hot-house of Dr. Pitcairn, at Islington sub-
sequent to this time, there was found in one
of the joints of a bamboo which grew there,
on cutting it, a solid pebble about the size
of a pea. The pebble was of an irregular,
rounded form, of a dark brown or black
color; internally it was reddish brown, of
a close dull texture, much like some martial
siliceous stones. In one corner, there were
shining particles, which appeared to be
crystals, but too minute to be distinguished
even with a microscope. This substance
was so hard as to cut glass. The cuticle,
or exterior covering of straw, has also a
portion of flinty matter in its composition,
from which circumstance, when burnt, it
makes an exquisitely fine powder for giving
the last polish to marble, a use to which it
has been applied, time immemorial, without
the principle being philosophically known.
In the great heat in the East-Indies, it is
not uncommon for large tracts of reeds to
be set on fire in their motion by the wind,
as I am told by Captain N—, which I
conjecture must arise from the flinty sur-
face of their leaves rubbing against each
other in their agitation. These facts can-
not avoid presenting to the mind, at one
view, the boundlessness of nature; while a
simple vegetable is secreting the most
volatile and evanescent perfumes, it also
secretes a substance which is an ingredient
in the primeval mountains of the globe.

FORCE OF HABIT.—The New Bedford
Gazette gives an amusing instance of the
force of habit. In the days of our grand-
fathers, there was one Joe Bowers, conspic-
uous above all wooers for his unremitting
attention to his lady-love. By night and
day, in storm or in calm, he knew but one
road and that led to his mistress' home.
His dog, his horse, his cat—every thing
that belonged to him—went that way, and
no other. Even an old pair of boots, which
he threw away one night, were found the
next morning kicking against her door,
with the toes turned out, just as he used to
wear them, having traveled two miles alone
in a dark night, with no other guide than
the knowledge of the road.

The editor of the Middletown Sentinel
states that he has received a communica-
tion signed by two gentlemen residing in
that vicinity, who profess to have seen an
angel, and received a communication from
heaven. The information disclosed is, that
there is shortly to be a great famine, and be-
tween this and the year 1847, "the earth
will open, fire flame up, and the whole world
pass away with a great noise."

FIRE.—A fire broke out about one o'clock this
morning, in the extensive Chair Manufactory of
Mr. Levi Stillman, in Olive St. The building
contained a large quantity of cane splits, which
were dry and very combustible. The manufac-
tory was entirely destroyed, together with several
out buildings and sheds, and communicated from
them to the dwelling house of Mr. Stillman,
which was also burnt to the ground before the
flames could be arrested.—*Ed. TABLET.*

Sympathy.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

A knight and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

"O never was knight such a sorrow that bore!
O never was maid so deserted before!
From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
And jump in together for company!"

They searched for an eddy that suited the deed,
But here was a bramble, and there was a weed:
"How tiresome it is," said the fair with a sigh,
So they sat down to rest them in company.

They gazed on each other, the maid and the knight,
How fair was her form, and how goodly his hight;
"One mournful embrace!" sobbed the youth, "ere
we die!"
So kissing and crying kept company.

"O had I but loved such an angel as you!"
"O had but my swain been a quarter as true!"
"To miss such perfection how blinded was I!"
Sure now they were excellent company.

At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear,
"The weather is cold for a watery bier;
When summer returns we may easily die,
Till then let us sorrow in company."

Useful Rules for Housewives.

When you arise, in the morning, never be particular about pinning your clothes so very nicely: you can do that at any time.

Never comb your hair, or take off your night cap till after breakfast. It is your business to take time by the foretop and not let him take you so; therefore keep all right in that quarter till 10 o'clock at least.

When you begin the business of your toilet, you may do it before the window or in the front entry; but the most proper place is the kitchen.

Never have any particular place for any thing in your house; and then you may rest assured that nothing will ever be out of place; and that is a great comfort in a family.

Never sweep your floor until you know some one is coming in; he will then see how neat you are; and in such cases, even your enemies cannot shake off the dust of their feet against you, though they may the dust of their clothes, with which you have covered them by sweeping.

When you have done sweeping, leave your broom on the floor, it will then be handy; and being always in sight, and in the way, it will be constantly reminding your husband, when he is in the house, what a smart, nice, pains-taking wife he has.

Never follow the barbarous practice of brushing down cobwebs. A man's house is his castle, and so is a spider's: it is a violation of right; and a shameless disrespect to the fine arts.

Keep your parlor and bed-room windows shut as close as possible in dog days: this will keep the hot air out, and you will have excellent fixed air inside.

Never teach your daughters to mend or make any of their own clothes; it is

"taking the bread from the mouth of labor;" besides it will make them crooked, and give them sore fingers.

But if they should insist on mending their own garments, they should do it while they are on; this will make them fit better, and girls can't leave their work; if they should attempt it their work would follow them.

If your husband's coat is out at one of the elbows, don't mend it until it is out at the other; then the patches will appear uniform, and show that you are impartial. Never spoil a joke for a relation's sake, nor suppress the truth for any body's sake. Therefore, if you don't like your husband as well as you ought, out with it, and convince him you are not a respecter of persons.

You should not endeavor to keep your temper: let it off as soon and fast as you can; and you will then be calm, and as quiet as a bottle of cider after the cork has been drawn half a day.

If on any particular occasion, you are at a loss what course to pursue in the management of yourself or your family affairs take down the paper which contains these rules, and read them over and over till you have satisfied your mind, and then go on.

A "FAT TAKE."—The editor of the *Hemstead* (L. I.) Enquirer, duns his subscribers *obliquely* by announcing that, on the 7th inst. he was presented with *four healthy children*—and ventures to say that he shall not have a subscriber in the arrears after the expiration of ten days. He is happy to announce to distant friends that the mother is doing well, and that the children (a son and three daughters) are likely to become members of his profession. We should think pork, beans, corn, and all other produce (except children) would be taken in payment for papers at his office.

CHARACTER OF A GENTLEMAN.—A lawyer at a circuit town, in Ireland, dropped a ten pound note under the table, while playing cards at the inn. He did not discover his loss until he was going to bed, but then returned immediately. On reaching, he was met by the waiter, who said, "I know what you want, sir, you have lost something." "Yes I have lost a ten pound note." Well, sir, I have found it." "Thanks, my good lad, here's a sovereign for you." "No sir, I want no reward for being honest;" but, looking at him with a knowing grin—"wasn't it lucky that none of the gentlemen found it?"

Died,

In this city on Sunday the 8th inst. Miss Grace E. Gilbert, daughter of the late Dr. James Gilbert, aged 20.

In this city, on the 17th inst. Mrs. Bacon, consort of Mr. Asahel Bacon, aged 45.

At East Haddam, (Millington Soc.) John Chapman, Esq. aged 100 years.

At Tampico, (Mexico) on the 17th of August, of the yellow fever, after a 4 days illness, Mr. Curtiss E. Osborn, aged 24, formerly of this city.

BRUSHES.

CROSWELL & HOWE, No. 123 Chapel st. opposite Central Row, have for sale a very large assortment of Brushes, comprising almost every kind in use; consisting of Hearth, Crumb, Dusting, Hair, Flesh, Shoe, Horse, Whitewash, Scrubbing, Clothes, Tooth and Nail Brushes. Also, Fancy Bellows of various patterns.
Nov. 22.

Writing Materials.

CROSWELL & HOWE, 123, Chapel st., have for sale Ruled and Plain Letter and writing Paper. Bath Post, and Note Paper. American, Holland, and Russia Quills. Gill's Patent Lunar Pens, a fresh supply just received. Ink of various kinds, in any quantity. Glass, Porcelain, Cork, Wedgewood, Pocket and Pewter Ink-Stands. Silliman's Patent do. Indelible Ink—Silver everpointed Pencils. Good lead Pencils—Fine Penknives and Erasers. Blank books—Albums—Writing Books. Portable Desks, Sealing Wax, Portfolios, Wafers, Black Sand, Sand Boxes, Letter Stamps and Seals, Pocket Tablets, &c.
Nov. 23.

COMPOUND TOOTH LOTION.

FOR cleansing the teeth, and mouth, and removing a disordered state of the gums; also, giving a peculiar sweetness to the breath, by J. B. WHEAT, Surgeon Dentist, New Haven.

This wash, when judiciously used, will be found exceedingly useful to the Teeth, producing a healthy state of the gums, and is almost indispensable in treating diseases of the soft parts about the mouth. It will exert no pernicious influence upon the teeth; but is very beneficial in removing an irritable state of them.—It stands pre-eminently above all other kinds in use—it has high recommendations from the first physicians and dentists in the country—some of them professors in the medical department in Yale College, to whom we have the liberty of referring. We deem it not necessary here to give the recommendations in full, as they will be found on handbills and labels accompanying the wash. The best test of its merit is its use.

We refer to Professor Silliman. Doct. T. P. Beers, Professors in the medical department of Yale College; Docts. V. M. Dow, and D. H. Moore, M. D.'s of New Haven; Doct. D. C. Ambler, M. D., Dentist, New York—besides many others, whose opinions are valuable.

Sold wholesale and retail, by

SMITH & TROWBRIDGE,
Agents for the Proprietor.

Oct. 12.

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